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THE

CHARACTER

Of Wit's Squint-Ey'd Maid,

Paſquil-Makers.

WHat Puppy Plays are entring now the Stage?
Is this the Golden, or the Iron age?
What Planet now predomines in the Sky?
Hath *Sol*'s uſher uſurp'd Supremacy?
Are all the reſt quite baniſhed the Throne?
And ſhe like *Alexander* reigns alone;
Muſt all be rul'd by her, and her blind Brat?
Doth *Mars* now Spin; throw'n by his Sword, and Hat?
Hath *Ariſtotle*'s Pen, and *Maro*'s Quill,
Parnaſſus left, to write on *Venus-Hill*;
Are all the Muſes gone, *Urania* dead?
Or are they all Sick of their Maidenhead?
Forgetting their love *Madrigals*, and feign,
Paſquils, and *Ballads* that are moſt obſcene:
Mercurius Publicus the News book,
The *Proteſtant Mercury* with a Squint look.
Heraclitus Ridens, Tilting each one,
Defending th' intreſt of Old *Babylon*,
The Curat poor Soul now goes to the Streets,
His *Bibliotheque* buyes in their looſe ſheets.
Nothing of volums *in Folio* are ſold,
The Stationers books moth eaten and old.
What charming ſpells their giddy heads bewitch?
Is it to make the Printer only rich?
Or to Encourage *Heteroclite* Wrens,
To ſpit the Spurious products of their Pens?
Each Jeaſter now who ſcarce his *Grammer* knows,
Sets Pamphlets forth, and Satyres blows.
Nay with his Scribling nails Scratches the Times,
And barks like *Bread-ſhaw* that Hell's hound in rimes.
This World is full of a prepoſt'rous chat,
Our *Engliſh* writers all are Tranſmigrate.
In Pamphlet penners, and diurnal Scribes,
Wanton Comedians, and foul *Gypſy* Tribes;

BIBLIOTHECA ANGLICANA

Not

Not like thoſe brave Heroick ſublime ſtrains,
That wrote the *Ceſars*, and their noble Reigns.
Nor like thoſe learned Poets ſo divine,
That pen'd *Mackduff*, and famous *Cataline*.
You Pedling, Petty, Sawcy Scriblers leave
You crop-ear'd, circumciſed, antique ſlave.
Forbear to fill the World with your clipped coyn,
Let *Ceſar*, and his Intereſt alone.
Our Saviour for example patterns laid,
Tribute, and Homage unto him be paid.
You nibling fools, can you not feed on graſs,
But bite the roſe, and Thiſtle, like the *Aſs*?
You ſtrive with whirling round *Vertigoes* full,
Reform the World to a *Geneva* Bull.
Can you not earn a Sixpence to behold
A precious Jewel of refined Gold.
But you muſt raiſe a bold adventring blood
To ſteal't with vengeance to your greedy head.
Like (CRUEL WORMS) not only kick the Crown,
But puſh the Prelates; pull the *Myter* down.
Is this the Rhet'rick of this Canker'd age,
The fluent phraſes of this florid Stage?
Is this the *Dialect* of our neweſt times,
And language of your Poeſy, and Rimes:
To cull a word from *Amadis de gaule*,
And borrow another from Saint *Paul*;
To Glean a Syllable both here and there,
Gather'd from Authors writings every where?
In ſentences cements them till they meet
With bad connexion makes them up a ſheet.
Compoſes them in a fair formal book,
But Theeves bewar, and now about yee look.
There comes a Search for ſtolen goods, and ſo
You muſt to *Newgate*, or to *Bridewel* goe,
Jack Ketch in end pleads for a ſnatch of thoſe,
Puts *Hempen* Spectacles upon their Noſe.
This is the method of the moddiſh times,
Renews old Songs, Revives old rotten Rimes.

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